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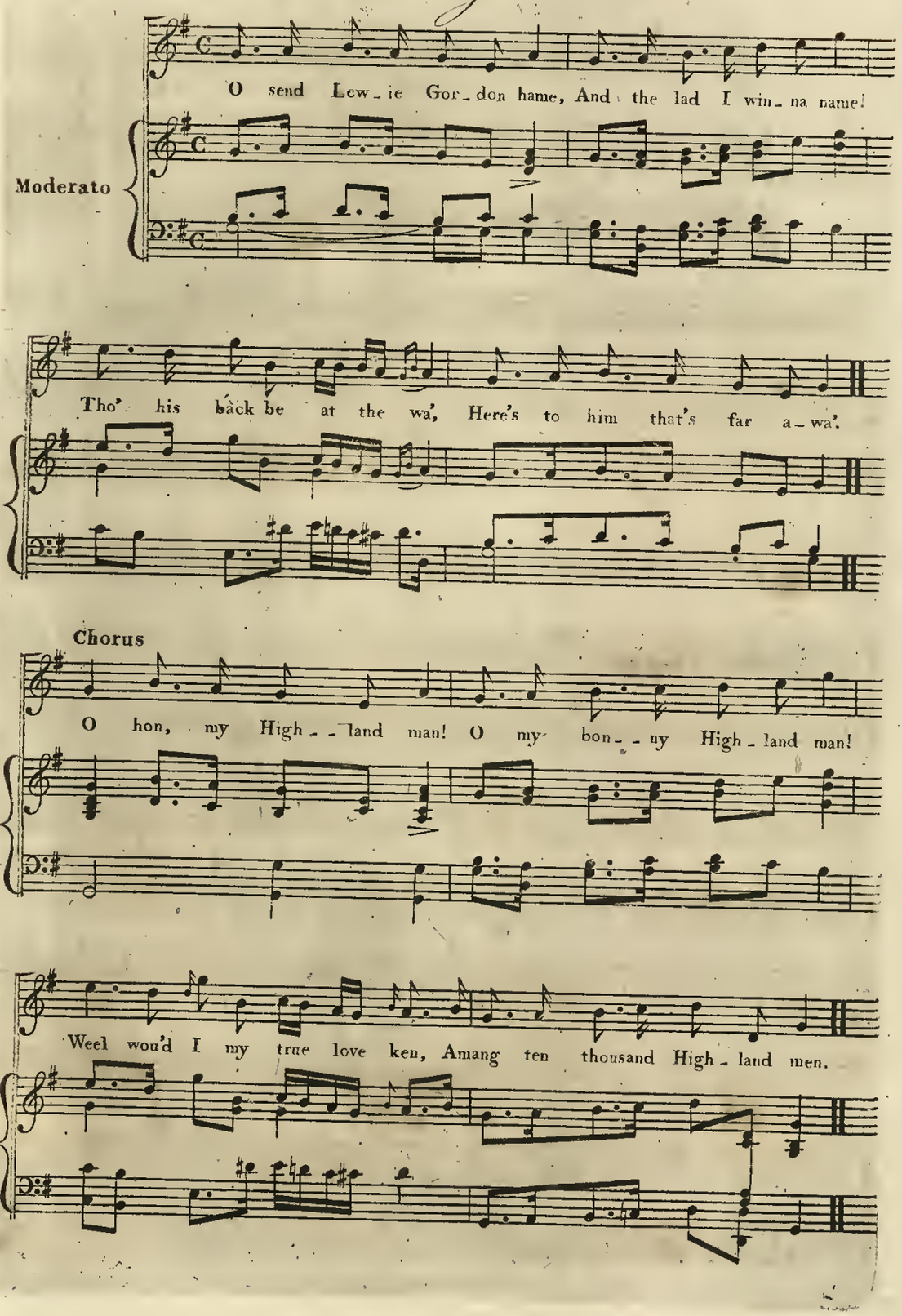
Lewie Gordon.



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LEWIE GORDON.

O SEND LEWIE GORDON hame,
And the lad I winna name!
Tho' his back be at the wa',
Here's to him that's far awa'.
O hon, my Highlandman!
O my bonny Highlandman!
Weel wou'd I my true love ken,
Amang ten thousand Highlandmen.

O to see his tartan trews,
Bonnet blue, and laigh-heel'd shoes,
Philabeg aboon his knee;
That's the lad that I'll gang wi'.
O hon, my Highlandman!
O my bonny Highlandman!
Weel wou'd I my true love ken,
Amang ten thousand Highlandmen.

This sweet youth, of whom I sing,
Is fit for to be a king;
On his breast he wears a star,
And looks like the God of war.
O hon, my Highlandman!
O my bonny Highlandman!
Weel wou'd I my true love ken,
Amang ten thousand Highlandmen.

O to see this princely one,
Seated on a royal throne!
Sorrows a' wou'd disappear;
Then begins the jub'lee year.
O hon, my Highlandman!
O my bonny Highlandman!
Weel wou'd I my true love ken,
Amang ten thousand Highlandmen.

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